

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1807.

[No. 11.]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SLIPPERS.

A Turkish Tale.

(Concluded.)

TWO days had passed, and Karabeg had not dared to make another attempt at seeing his mistress, when the whole city were alarmed by a stoppage of the water that supplied their houses; in vain the reason was enquired into, no one could solve the mystery, and at last it was deemed most advisable to examine the grand reservoir. After some labour, and much expence, they broke open the works and the cause of the stoppage was found to be—Bakarak's slippers. When he heard of it, his rage almost threw him into convulsions; "Some Genie or some Devil possesses them to work my woe," exclaimed he. He soon received a summons to appear, and was demanded how he dared attempt such a treason to the state as closing the pipes. Bursting with vexation, he repeated what he had done to *make way* with the slippers, (tho' they had proved so diabolical, he almost feared that might cause a charge of murder to be brought against him) the breaking the perfume jar, and the putting them into the sewer, from whence they had been carried into the public reservoir. The judges felt inclined to laugh at his misfortunes; however, as the damage was unintentional, he was allowed to go, on repaying the treasury what it had cost them in pulling down and rebuilding. He

scarcely found his way home, so stung was he by resentment, and so mortified by the loss of his money. He muttered as he went along, "Karabeg shall not have my daughter, though heaven seems to predict it." His mishaps had made him more obstinate than ever, and when he arrived, Zelica was so much frightened at his appearance, that she retired in dismay to her chamber. He ordered a large fire to be prepared instantly, and throwing the slippers in, "At last," said he, "I'm determined to see ye no more; when I cast you in the river, ye were fished out again, when I put you in the sewer, ye made the whole town suffer, but I'll defy any one to relieve ye now!" The slippers seemed as obstinate as Bakarak in giving him the lie, for the leather had imbibed the moisture to such a degree, that they would not burn. Bakarak found his anger useless, and that he must give up the idea of consuming them till dry: a lead extended over the portico of the house, and placing them there, he ejaculated, "I see I must be plagued with ye some time longer, but I shall bless the hour the sun has sufficiently hardened ye, that I may commit ye to the flames again; and by Allah! when ye are destroyed, I will give a public rejoicing!"

The vexations Bakarak had endured, had prevented his visiting mass—he now determined to go, and throwing on his cloak, went out, but as Fortune, or rather Fate would have it, as he passed the threshold, the slippers, by some means, fell from the leads, and came tumbling on his head. Though the blow had con-

fused his ideas a little, he managed to look up, hoping to find out who had done it, and saw a cat running along—he took the slippers from the ground, and sent them, one after the other, at the animal's head; however, he missed his aim, and they went in at the windows. He was beginning to curse, and re-entered the house to stop the blood which issued from his nose, when a loud shriek pierced his ears; not knowing the reason, he ran quickly up to his daughter's chamber, and beheld her on the floor, with the slippers by her. She had fainted, and while Bakarak called her slaves, he attempted to revive her, but finding it in vain, began to tremble. "Oh, merciful Allah," cried he, "protect your faithful Mussulman, and let not my daughter's blood sink on this head." The attendants had now come, but their endeavours were also vain to bring Zelica to life; though no wound appeared, the cursed slippers had certainly struck her somewhere on the head; and Mesrond consoled his master by repeated exclamations that she was murdered. "You cruel man!" said he, "it serves you properly, had you but united my poor, dear, beautiful dead mistress to the man she loved, all would have been well: to be sure you did swear that when those slippers ruined you, their marriage should take place, and though that has happened (*for ruined he certainly is who kills his own daughter*) yet alas, 'tis of no avail!"—Drops of perspiration stood on Bakarak's brow, his joints trembled, and he fell on his knees. "Oh Mahommed, restore my Zelica, and I vow by all the my hopes of Paradise, since 'tis clearly your wish, that I will no longer oppose

her union with Karabeg, the Cadi's son." He arose. "Oh those cursed, cursed slippers, they have indeed proved my ruin, and I find 'tis impious to war against Fate." Zelica now began to recover, tho' slowly, (for know, gentle reader, though apparently dead, she was as much alive as you who honor these pages by a perusal, and my only fear is that their contents may not have made you as merry as her father's vow made her) thinking it unnecessary to feign longer, she in a short time was perfectly revived, to Bakarak's great joy, who did not suspect the trick practised on him; for though when Zelica saw the slippers enter her window, she was not touched by them, an idea struck her, that answered her purpose equally well. Bakarak's vow had been heard by Mesroud and the rest of the slaves, so that an attempt to deny would have been fruitless; he therefore sent for old Mustapha, who was too good a man to object to a reconciliation, and had his son's happiness too much at heart to find obstacles to the proposed union. He soon prepared the necessary papers, nor had he reason to complain of his friend Bakarak, whose miserly disposition the late events had completely turned; and who, having promised to give a public rejoicing whenever he got rid of his *slippers*, performed his promise on the day that he saw the lovers united: for Karabeg joyfully accepted them as a remembrance of the means by which his marriage had been brought about, and what was wonderful, long as he lived to enjoy the beautiful Zelica, he never beheld them with gratitude for the blessing they had been the humble instruments of Providence in bestowing on him.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

IN my literary rambles, having accidentally met with the following poem, or ode, or perhaps song, or still better, rhapsody,—or, finally better than all, *Pindaric*,—I could not deny myself the pleasure of transmitting it to you for publication. The piece I presume is rare, and from the respectability and talents of the author or authors, one cannot hazard much in asserting that it highly deserves the perusal of all who are admirers of genuine classicality and sublimity. It is, as you will observe, written in a peculiar, and in some respects an unprecedented style. In many places the ideas appear, at first blush, incoherent and unconnected. But is not this the characteristic, the very essence and quintessence of the *Pindaric*? So the Theban himself thought: so did Horace, and Quintilian, and Cicero, and Scaliger, and Boileau, and Pope, and Dryden, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Cowley, and Blackmore, and Philips, and Mason, and Gray, and—but, lest the citing of many authorities should savour of ostentation, I shall adduce only a few more—not to mention then, Johnson, as he was too capricious to stand as an umpire in this case; nor Cowper, as he was too sober and thoughtful to indulge in any species of writing, which bears an analogy to the one in question, *nam scilicet*, in excepted, perhaps. We have in favour of this doctrine, Beattie, and Burke, and Goldsmith, and Ogilvie, and Petrarch, and Madame Dacier, and Thomas Moore, * and, finally, to crown the whole, the very learned and illustrious Peter Pindar, an upholder of the principle both by precept and example.

But to finish this preamble, which, it may be averred, will have the same effect on the reader as the grace has often upon the company stationed round the elegantly-covered dining table; all that it is necessary to add is, that the most scrupulous impartiality, and the most undeviating accuracy has been generally observed in the transcription. If the transcriber has presumed to alter a word, or to substitute one word in place of another, it is very rarely that he has taken the liberty; and therefore, he is willing that

any censures, on that score, should exclusively attach to himself.

Your most obedient,
and devoted.

DONALD.

PINDARIC.

How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell
That iron tongue of death! with solemn knell,
On folly's errands as we vainly roam, [home?
Knocks at our hearts and finds our thoughts from
The wayward sisters,
Thus do go about, about
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent.
What, this a sleeve! 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut and slash and slash,
Like to a censor in a barber's shop. A mountain
stood
Threatning from high and overlook'd the wood,
Beneath the lowering brow and on a bent
The temple stood of Mars armipotent.
'Tis amazement more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move,
If less splendor wait on thine
Yet they do benignly shine.
So four fierce coursers starting to the race
Scour thro' the plain and lengthen every pace;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they
fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.
Towns and battlements he sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.

ANTISTROPHE, 1st.

Hear, angels, hear!
Hear from these neither thrones of light!
And O in golden characters record
Each firm, immutable, immortal word—
Then wing your solemn flight
Up to the heaven of heavens, and there
Hang the conspicuous tablet high
Mid the dread records of eternity.
Take, O take these lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again
Seals of love, but seals in vain.
Hide, O hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears—
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

True worth shall gain me, that it may be said
Desert, not fancy, once a woman led.

STROPHE, 2d.

That strain again; it had a dying fall!
O! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet South
That breaths upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.

Now under hanging mountains
Beside the fall of fountains,
He makes his moan:—
And calls her ghost,
For e'er, ever, ever lost!
Whereat, with blade with baleful bloody blade
She bravely broach'd her boiling bloody breast.
The ill faced owl, death's dreadful messenger
The hoarse night raven, triumph of doleful drear

ANTISTROPHE, 2d.

O Solitude! romantic maid,
Whither by nodding towers you tread
Or climb the Andes' clifted side
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from a half year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep
Or Jadmor's marble waste survey
Or in yon roofless cloister play
Thee, fond nymph, again I woo
And again thy steps pursue.
If he that's in the battle slain
Be in the bed of honour lain:
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
Each noble vice
Shall bear a price,
And virtue shall a drug become.
An empty name
Was all her fame,
But now she shall be dumb.

CHORUS.

Let us sing and dance and prance
Critics leave your petulance,
Or else rail upon the Moon
Your expectance is too soon!
For before the second cock
Crew, the gates will not unlock.
Amen; silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

* The verbal figures Asyndeton, and Polysyndeton, my dear, when judiciously used, have a very fine effect. The former denotes a deficiency, the latter a redundancy of copulatives. One of the most celebrated examples of the Asyndeton is Caesar's "Came, Saw, Conquered." (the repetition of the pronoun, in my opinion,

very much weakens the sentence)" The Polysyndeton," says the writer of the article Oratory in the Encyc. Brit. "ad is a weight and a gravity to an expression; and makes what is said, to appear with an air of solemnity: and by retarding the course of the sentence, gives the mind an opportunity to consider and reflect upon every part distinctly."

Without adverting to the example from D mosthenes, which the above mentioned gentleman produces, I shall content myself with one of an Alderman's, in the Tale of a Tub, perhaps as generally known.

"Beef," said the sage magistrate, "beef is king of meat. Beef comprehends in it the quintessence of patridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard."

May I hope now, Miss, that you are satisfied with regard to the *and's*?

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The following translation from George of Montemayor, is selected, as an elegant specimen of SPANISH POETRY.

Art, me! thou relic of that faithless fair!
Sad changes have I suffered since that day,
When in this alley, from her long loose hair
I bore thee, relic of my love! away.
Well did I then believe *Diana's* truth,
For soon true love each jealous care represses;
And fondly thought that never other youth
Should wanton with the maiden's unbound tresses.

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side
My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,
She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied
With all the baby playfulness of love.
Here the false maid, with many an artful tear
Made me each rising hope of doubt discover,
And vow'd and wept—till hope had ceas'd to fear
Ah me! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest, fairest fair,
Has sigh'd and wept on Ezla's shelter'd shore,
And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear.
My heart no jealousy should harbour more.
Ah, tell me! could I but believe those eyes?

Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedew-
ing,

When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs
I felt, and trusted, I embrac'd my ruin.

So false and yet so fair! so fair a mein
Veiling so fair a mind who ever knew?
So true and yet so wretched! who has seen
A man like me, so wretched and so true?
Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen
How kind she was, how lov'd by her you
knew me;
Fly, fly, vain witness what I once have been,
Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me.

One evening, on the river's pleasant strand,
The maid, too well belov'd, sat with me;
And with her finger trac'd upon the sand,
"Death for *Diana*—not INCONSANCY!
And *Love* beheld us from his secret stand
And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold
me—

To see me trust a writing trac'd in sand,
To see me credit what a woman told me!

Sad changes have I suffered from that day,
When here reclining on this grassy slope,
I bore thee, relic of my Love! away,
And faded are thy tints, green hue of Hope!

The first stanza of the original, alludes to a Spanish peculiarity. The hair of *Diana* was kept in green silk.

C.

PAINTING.

How soon likenesses were taken would be worth enquiry. It is told of Andreas de Orgagna, a Florentine, who died aged sixty years, in 1389, and was buried in Florence, that "He painted the Judgment, where he placed in hell most of his foes that had molested him, and among the rest a scrivener, whose name was Ceccho de Ascoli, and known for a notable knave in his profession, and a conjurer beside, who had many ways molested him. He was by children and boys discerned to be the same man, so well had he expressed him to the life."

One must live intimately with people, to know them—and it is not much for the honor of human nature, to say, that friendship subsists longer than love—because the intercourse is not so frequent.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

(Selected.)

AFRICAN RESOLUTION,

AND

EUROPEAN INFAMY.

A true story.

"The greatest proof of courage we can give,
Is then to die, when we have power to live."

Sir R. Howard.

SENIOR D. was a wealthy planter in the district of the mines, and among his numerous slaves was one named Hanno, who had been born on the estate, and whose integrity had increased his value much beyond that of his fellows. Scarce had Hanno arrived at that age when every zephyr seems the sigh of love, ere his fondest wishes centred on Zelida, a young female of his own age, and a slave to the same master. In her his partial eye perceived all that was beautiful in person, or amiable in mind: the passion was mutual, it had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength; but Hanno, though a slave, possessed the feelings of a man, and his generous soul revolted at the idea of entailing that slavery upon his children, which was the only birth-right he inherited from his fathers. His mind was energetic, and his resolutions immutable: while he fulfilled his daily task, and was distinguished for his diligence and fidelity, he was enabled, by extra labour, and the utmost frugality, to lay by something without defrauding his master of his time; and, at the end of seven years, his savings amounted to the estimated value of a female slave. Time had not altered his passion for Zelida, and they were united by the simple and artificial bonds of love. The absence of Senior D. two years, prevented the accomplishment of Hanno's first wishes, the purchase of Zelida's freedom; and in that time she had presented him with a boy and girl. Though slaves from their birth, Hanno was not chagrined for he had now added to his hoard a sufficient sum to purchase their liberty like-

wise. On the return of Senior D. Hanno anxiously demanded a compliance with the law, but well aware of his master's sordid avarice, cautiously affirmed, that a kind friend was to advance him the money. Senior D. agreed to receive the price, and a day was fixed to execute the deeds before a magistrate. On that day Hanno fled upon the wings of hope to his master's house, while it may be supposed, the most heartfelt joy animated his bosom, on the prospect of giving immediate liberty to those his soul doted on. He tendered the gold—it was seized as the stolen property of Senior D. and Hanno, being unable to bring forward the supposed lender, was condemned; and the cruelty of his master was exhausted in superintending his punishment. Still bleeding from the scourge, he returned to his hut, which, though the residence of slavery, had till now been cheered by the benign influence of love and hope. He found his wife suckling her infant daughter, while his son, yet unable to walk, was amusing her with his playful gambols upon the bare earth. Without answering Zelida's anxious enquiries, he addressed her thus: "To procure your liberty, more dear to me than my own, I have, since the moment of our acquaintance, deprived myself of every comfort my state of bondage allows; for that purpose I have laboured during those permitted hours of relaxation, which my fellows have employed in amusement; I have curtailed my scanty meal of cassada; I have sold my morsel of tobacco; and I have gone naked amidst the burning heats of summer, and the pinching colds of winter; I had accomplished the object of all my cares, and all my deprivations, and this morning I tendered to your owner the price of your liberty, and that of your children; but when the deed was to be ratified before the magistrate, he seized it as his own, and, accusing me of robbery, inflicted the punishment of a crime my soul detests. My efforts to procure your liberty are abortive; the fruits of my industry, like the labours of the silk-worm, are gone to feed the lux-

ury of the tyrant; the blossoms of hope are for ever blighted, and the wretched Hanno's cup of misery is full. Yet a way, a sure but dreadful way, remains to free you, my wife, from the scourge of tyranny, or the violation of lust; and to rescue you, my children, from the hands of an unfeeling monster, and from a life of unceasing wretchedness." Then seizing a knife, he plunged it in the bosom of his wife; and, while reeking with her blood, buried it in the hearts of his children. When seized and interrogated, he answered, with a manly tone of firmness, "I killed my wife and children, to shorten a miserable existence in bondage, but I spared my own life to show my brutal tyrant how easy it is to escape from his power, and how little the soul of a negro fears death or torments. I expect to suffer the utmost tortures that your cruelty can devise; but pain I despise thus," staking his arm on an iron spike, and tearing it through the flesh, "and death I desire, that I may rejoin my wife and children, who have, ere this, a habitation prepared for me in the land of our forefathers, where no cruel white man is permitted to enter." Even the proud apathy of the Portuguese was roused by this appeal to their feelings, the slave was pardoned, and granted his freedom; Senior D. severely fined; and the unworthy magistrate, who seconded his villainy, degraded from his office.

REMARKS OF A MODERN OBSERVER.

I have seen many things which I pretended not to see. I have often smiled and frolicked with those whom I disliked. I have experienced ingratitude in serving men who were reckoned virtuous, and I have seen the most stupid and empty babblers succeed greatly beyond their deserts.

I have seen women sacrifice the honour of their husbands to the most unprincipled gallants. I have seen miserable fribbles obtain from them favours which they refused to men of genuine merit and

delicacy. I have seen many men squander their fortune, and ruin themselves for women, who laughed at them, and gave themselves to their rivals for nothing.

I have seen delicacy of sentiment prove mischievous, and treachery be of great avail. I have seen that, in love, folly is more advantageous than reason.

I have seen ladies attach guilt to men who were innocent, and load with their favours those who had wronged them. In short, I have seen so many things contradictory to good sense, and I am so much convinced that the most cruel sufferings often proceed from the most noble desires, that my angry heart no longer inspires any strains but those which are bitter as the recollections with which it is filled.

Eng. Pub.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF APATHY.

From an English Publication.

THERE are very few examples on record of actors or actresses, that a very pathetic speech had so powerful effect upon, as to cause a flood of tears to flow down their cheeks on the recital of it. The late Mrs. Pritchard's great sensibility sometimes checked all the fine powers of that eminent mistress in the art of acting; so it was with the late Mr. Powel. Not so was Mr Garrick ever affected, even in parts where his manner of delivering himself, pardon the hyperbole, would have made stones weep; yet were the eyes of that great master of scenic performances dry as those of an unfeeling hypocrite.

I happened one evening, in conversation with a very intelligent friend, to ask him his opinion relative to the matter I am now treating of. I wished to know, whether there might not be some physical cause of the singular sensibility of some, and the no less extraordinary absolute apathy of others; many possessing that happy command of features, that

they can look sorrow and terror without suffering the ordinary effects, tears, to make their appearance. My friend expressed himself at as great loss to account for the different effects of the passion, as I did; and, at the same time told me of a more surprising phenomenon, which he had several times an opportunity of beholding on the stage. That was of a man of the name of Henry Dunn, who never went on in a tragic character, let the night be ever so cold, but his face was all bedewed with sweat, and the further he proceeded in the part, the more disagreeable he made it to the audience; as from every pore, in his face alone, drop succeeded drop, till sometimes the stage was perceptibly wet with his unaccountable perspiration. Strange! that a man of a thin habit of body should be thus afflicted, I may say, with a malady of this kind.

This person played with Whitely one season; and that sarcastical manager, whenever he cast Mr. Dunn a tragic part, used waggishly to say, he was giving him a sudorific; no unapt expression you will say. But the mischief of it was, whatever pains poor Dunn took to make him look his part with propriety, he was sure to have the marks of Indian ink entirely obliterated from his countenance, by the torrents that ran down so plentifully while he was squeezing out his words. The tyrant, Richard III. was sure to lose the tip that had been made on his chin, as well as his formidable whiskers; a deprivation that made him consequently appear less terrible, and that before the second act was over. The good old Lear and Laisian were not less disfigured, by those powerful remedies to a clean face. Yet, when this man has represented Falstaff, and many other parts, where blank verse was excluded, a drop never started from him, even on a midsummer night. Ye profound metaphysicians, ye learned of Warwick-Lane, with the whole body of well-informed, natural philosophers, solve me this paradox!

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR, The enclosed feeling recital, I beg you to insert in the Lady's Miscellany. Yours, S.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF A GIRL ROMANTICALLY IN LOVE.

"But oh! there wants to crown my happiness,
Life of my empire, treasure of my soul!"

L.EE.

I HAVE noted an anecdote, which is said to have happened very recently, and which will touch the feelings of most of my readers, as it did mine.

She was playing on the harpsichord, and her lover used often to accompany her on the harp; he died, and his harp had remained in her room. After the first access of despair, she sunk into the deepest melancholy; and much time elapsed ere she could sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and, hark! the harp, turned alike, resounded in echo! The good girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soft melancholy. She thought herself firmly persuaded that the spirit of her lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument.

The harpsichord, from this moment, constituted her only pleasure, as it alone afforded her the joyful certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men, who want to know and clear up every thing, once entered her apartment; the girl instantly begged him to be quiet, for that very moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed, and, with a great display of learning, proved to her, by experimental physics, that all this was very natural. From that instant, the maiden grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died.

Look upon that man's religion as very small in quantity, who disclaims the moral virtues of truth and justice.

CIRCUITOUS JUSTICE.

A countess, handsome enough to prejudice the most rigid judge in favour of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her hair, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in a moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to study, he found the tradesman in despair. 'I have seen her,' cried the poor man out of his senses, 'I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O Sir! my cause is lost.'—'Put yourself in my place,' said the judge, quite confused. 'Could I refuse her?' and saying this, he took an hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of lying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of lying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

I thought that to forgive our enemies, had been the highest effort of the heathen ethic—but the returning good for evil, was an improvement of the Christian morality.

But I had the mortification to meet with that interloper Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of loving our enemies. Perhaps for this reason, among others, he was styled by Erasmus, "A Christian before Christianity." *Sterne.*

We feel much obliged to the gentleman who favored us with the following tribute to the memory of departed merit.

On Friday, the second inst. in the 59th year of his age, departed this life, Theophilus Beekman, Esq. one of the Special Justices of this city. As a magistrate he was intelligent and unremitting in his duty. As a man, benevolent, sincere, and hospitable—As a husband and a parent, he was affectionately tender, and indulgently kind.

In the arduous execution of official duties, his opinion, strengthened by experience, gave firmness to the resolves of his associates—the guilty offenders of the law, shrunk abashed from the penetrating glance of his eye; and in the dark retreat of villainy and vice alone, the name of Beekman was execrated, and there only, was feared.

In the moments dedicated to repose from the fatigues of his office, the unfortunate, the friend, and the common place visitor, alike acknowledged his bounty, his candor, and urbanity. But when presiding at the parental board, or superintending the domestic economy of his family, the stern judge, and the learned civilian, were lost in the more amiable and tender attentions of the husband and the parent.

Feelingly alive to every sentiment that dignifies and ennobles man, he was learned without pedantry; dignified, without pride; benevolent from principle; sincere, without affectation; liberal, without profusion; affectionate, without weakness; and, as he lived universally beloved, he died universally regretted.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON THE

DEATH OF AN INFANT NEPHEW.

Alas! sweet babe! and art thou gone so soon!
Nipp'd in the bud, e'er yet thy joys began?
To sin and sorrow thou alike unknown,
But known to both if ripen'd into man.

Ah, happy infant! thou art early blest;
Thou'rt early rescued from all worldly cares,
And now thou may'st in peaceful slumbers rest
From troubles, which increase with growing years.

Scarce had the dawn of thy short life begun,
When in the silent tomb thou'rt call'd to lie,
E'er thou had'st measur'd out a little span:
Thou had'st no time, save only weep and die.

Sweet, lovely babe! ah, little did'st thou know
The piercing anguish of thy father's breast;
Or feel thy mother's agonizing woe—
Thy little bosom could not taste of rest.

Afflicted mourners! cease thy tears to flow,
Lament no more the loss of thy sweet boy;
A heavy stroke it is, but well we know
That grief is mingled with all earthly joy.

On earth there is but little worth our stay,
Our empty pleasures, gay appear they all,
Yet are but fleeting shadows of a day,
And scarcely are they tasted—e'er they pass.

Dear parent, cease to heave that manly sigh,
And soothe thy partner's unavailing grief,
Place all thy trust, thy purest hopes on high—
And, at the throne of mercy seek relief.

LAVINIA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the memory of the Indian Queen Pocahontas, born at Petersburg in Virginia, from whom is descended the respectable families of Randolph and Bowlin—*vide Marquis de Chastillas' travels in North America*

"While memory holds her seat" fair Indian!
thou,
Must stand recorded by the admiring world!
To thy fair fame with love and zeal we bow,
And mourn the shaft at Pocahontas hurld.

Friend of Virginia! young and lovely queen!
When thy soft presence grac'd Britannia's shore,
No joys, alas! from thy torn breast could wean
Those sorrows we forever must deplore.

There where thy gentle spirit sought to share
Each blessing destin'd to the faithful wife;
Ill-fated princess! sad reverse, for there
It was thy doom to end thy virtuous life.

By thy fair name shall Petersburg renown'd,
(Tho' small its limits) high in memory stand;

Virginia's pride, by Pocahonta crown'd,
By her protected, free and happy land.

And long shall her posterity remain
Bless'd in each worldly good so justly given,
May Randolph's offspring every bliss attain,
And Bowlin's, each peculiar gift of heaven.

Julia Francesca.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

MR. COOPER, we are happy to learn has appointed Wednesday evening next, for the benefit of Mr. Hallam, sen. The public mind needs not to be awakened on this occasion—for where is the individual to whom he has not imparted instruction and entertainment—and, to smooth the pillow of infirmity, who, on this occasion, will withhold his mite.

In the Histrionic page, the name of Hallam has, for many years, found honorable mention. The greater portion of his life has been spent in the gratification of his fellow men. He has

"played many a part among us,"

but now only enacts the worthy fellow citizen.

The lovers of the drama, we doubt not, will evince the true spirit of emulation, in behalf of this worthy man. We are creditably informed that the manager, Mr. Cooper, has generously subscribed *fifty guineas* for a box, on this occasion.

By an arrival at Charleston from Ham-burgh, it appears, that the victory of the French over the Prussian army, at the battle of Jena, was not so decisive as their own accounts have stated—the victory is said to have been long doubtful, and was gained by a reinforcement of French troops, amounting to 10,000, who, in order that they might not sustain fatigue, were transported in carriages to the scene of action. The whole Russian army was in movement to join the Prussians, and 30,000 Hessians have likewise marched to their assistance.

Deaths in this city during the last week—men 13, women 10, boys 9, girls 5—total 37. [One was the murdered watchman—one a child over-taken by its mother—and one child burnt by its clothes taking fire.]

DIED,

On Wednesday, after a short illness, Mrs. Mary M'Kenny, wife of Mr. Wm. M'Kenny, stone-cutter.

On Thursday, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Susan O'Connor, the amiable consort of Capt. John O'Connor, of the ship Augusta.

At Staten Island, on Monday morning, Mr. John Clark, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

CIRASSIAN LOTION, FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for sunburns, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Annularia generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

Sold in half-pint bottles, with printed directions at 4s. each, by appointment, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, 98 Cherry street, near New-Slip.

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluxions, Catarrhs, and all Phthisically complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disagrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. It may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, cures all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. Nov. 8.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

JEWELLERS,

And Watch Makers, 137, William street, and 441 Pearl street, have received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool an extensive assortment of Plated Ware, consisting of the following articles:

Superb round, oval, and oblong tea and coffee Urns with legs and lamps.

Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons, and cream Ewers in complete sets to match.

Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.

Oval and oblong cake baskets.

Candlesticks, and brackets newest fashions, with silver gadroons.

Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers. Elegant three light Branches.

Snuffers and snuffer trays.

Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands.

Salts, wine-strainers, wax winders with tapers.

Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.

Mustard spoons, &c.

A few sets superb double plated and silver edged oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.

Egg-boilers for six eggs with lamp and stand.

Oblong rich cut glass Epergnes, with engraved leafage. And a variety of other articles of the best plate silver edged and fashionable patterns. Also an assortment of single plated Birmingham tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons & creams, ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets &c. &c. elegant patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set broaches, pins, ear-rings, finger rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and broaches, watch chains, seals and keys etc.

They have also received a beautiful collection of gilt ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imitation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethysts, and corneian very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs gold and silver epaulets trimmings for ladies dresses, spangles coral beads buttons etc.

Repeating horizontal and L'Epine gold watches Silver single and double case ditto.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth-powder. Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to 1000.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand gold and silver work of every description wholesale & retail.

The strictest attention paid to the repairing of watches of every construction.

This day is published, price 37 cents,

A NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

Which may be bought or read.

AT OSBORN'S BOOK STORE, LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM,

No. 13, Park;

Comprising more than 15,000 Volumes, of the most useful and amusing works in the English and French languages; among which will be found many rare and curious Books in no other collection in America.

Every New Work of merit (excepting those only which are strictly professional) whether of European, or American publications, is always added to the Library and Reading-room as soon as it can be obtained. Nov. 8.

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